

just say the word (spell it)

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just say the word (spell it)

by [oopsie_daisy](#)

Summary

“I eat pussy like a god,” Dream gloats, obvious arrogance laced with petty strings of red viper venom. “Could make anyone sound that loud—maybe even louder.”

George rolls his eyes. “Whatever makes you sleep at night, Dream.”

“What? Don’t believe me?

So Dream makes George believe him.

Notes

millie wrote most of the first part of this fic!! they gave this wip to me (somehow) in JULY but i remembered it just now so! here it is :]

thank you zee for betaing again literally what would i do without you (@izzbizzsquizz on twt and ao3) go check xem out :]

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

If you asked George what he would be doing with his new roommate within the first week of living together, he would *not* say “indulging in a bet to see who would get hard first while watching porn.” It was a little stupid, but then again, so were they; whoever got hard first had to let the other tweet something, no boundaries, from their account.

Yet here he was, on the couch next to Dream, a safe, yet dangerous distance between their flattened thighs. George is almost more focused on Dream than he is on the porn displayed on their TV. It’s embarrassing; he tries to focus on the moans from the girl, the noises that *should* be turning him on, but aren’t.

The girl in the video moans, loud and high-pitched—almost akin to a desperate scream of ruggedness, the rasp of choked spit obvious in her throat. And George scoffs, clearly unimpressed at the intentions of the male’s tongue doing heaps to deliver pleasure to that one area between her thighs.

Dream takes interest in the other’s actions. “What is it?” he pesters.

“She’s fakin’ it,” George quips back, “no one can make someone sound *that* loud on their own.”

“I can.”

The subtle arch of his eyebrow is connotative, sarcasm dripping through his words with an “Oh, really?”

“I eat pussy like a god,” Dream gloats, obvious arrogance laced with petty strings of red viper venom. “Could make anyone sound that loud—maybe even louder.”

George rolls his eyes. “Whatever makes you sleep at night, Dream.”

“What? Don’t believe me?

A scoff leaves the brunet’s lips, leaning back against the cushions of the couch as he crosses his arms over his chest. The television still alludes to the obscene video, moans of pleasure, and seized ardor of the red-headed girl mixing with the green trail of disgust knotting low in George’s stomach.

“I could show you, you know,” Dream says, cocksure. “Eat you out. Could have you shaking more than that slut on TV just from my tongue.”

And George wants to laugh, barely holding back the slip-up of giggles that ripple up his throat and fall from his tongue like waves. He does everything in his power to ignore the white static of arousal that chips away at disgust.

But for a moment, his thoughts wander. They wander to the image of Dream, blond tufts of hair brushing over the skin inside of his thigh, the face adorned with pretty freckles engraved right above the apple of his cheeks, the feel of wet kisses and sharp canines biting at the smoothness of alabaster flesh. His tongue that would lick sickening stripes where he never thought would feel good.

He bites his lower lip; it almost felt as if Dream said that to induce these thoughts on purpose.

“You couldn’t even if I’d let you.” *I would let you.*

Dream hums. “Why’s that? Scared that my words will hold truth?” *I might let you.*

“No,” George scoffs. “I don’t have a...”

He trails off, face blooming with the kiss of red roses and death. He can’t make himself say the words, too embarrassed to let them even slip off the tip of his tongue, while Dream stares at him with the eager opportunity of a challenge.

Moans bridge through the silent air, a makeshift coherence of apprehensiveness. Dream smirks.

“I know. You’re an idiot; I can still take care of you.”

Shit.

George furrows his eyebrows at the screen. He forces his gaze to look at the boy whose face is

being sat on in the video, whose tongue flicks with hungry intent; it's hard to ignore how *reactive* the girl is to the wet flesh.

He shifts his eyes tentatively to Dream, who has his arms up on the back of the couch like an idiot. He gestures his hands as if to say, *why not?* George has to avert his eyes and sit on his hands.

There is no way I am seriously debating this .

“The offer still stands,” Dream mentions, and George shoots Dream a look that says *don’t test this*. He shrugs again and George cringes, hiding his face in his hands. His blood runs hot, warm and sickening in his veins, and he hears Dream scoff a bit. “I’m serious. Just say the word.”

George hesitates, lowering his hands. His voice wavers against his will, “What about the bet?”

“I’m already hard.” George looks down and, *yep*, the evidence is *right there*, poking temptingly through his thin athletic shorts. He hesitates to remove his eyes from the bulge. “I lost the bet. Can I eat you out or not?”

George has it in him to breathe out a laugh. His smile drops as he hears another dramatic moan pierce through the air, though, the reality crashing down on him all over again.

“You really think you could do that?”

Dream nods like he’s never been more sure about anything.

“C’mon, George, let me make you feel good.”

George’s face feels like it’s suffocating in lava, his throat tight as if it could stop him from saying anything dangerous, anything that could prevent him from ending up with his ass spread.

“Alright,” he says slowly, his accent dripping off his tongue like eucalyptus honey. He crawls closer to his best friend, cutting right through the air that’s weighted with future consequences and shameless desire. He lifts one delicate leg over Dream’s waist and sits down on his lower stomach, arching his back in his shorts that don’t cover enough for imagination.

Dream groans and leans down into a pillow, bringing ravenous hands up to grope barely concealing cloth. George rolls his neck along his shoulders in a shudder, an attempt to bury the crimson desire that snakes down tense muscles.

“Prove it to me then.”

Dream nods eagerly and tugs at the waistband of his shorts, silently begging for access. He bites at the material on the plump of his ass impatiently, and George has to restrict a whine, loud and desperate, from escaping his throat. He’s supposed to be proving a point—

Dream tugs down both his underwear and his shorts, dragging them underneath his ass to free some space up. George struggles for a moment to pull them all the way off, lifting one leg and then the other, but he settles back down dangerously close to Dream’s face and he feels intentional hot air drift towards his hole.

He suppresses another whimper, backing up in the slightest, impatient to feel. His entire body tenses as Dream breathes another huff of air, just to get him worked up.

“T-tease,” George tries to sound confident, but his voice falls through as Dream breathes out more hot air.

“Are you nervous, baby?”

God, you make me so nervous. “N-no… just get on with— *ah!*” Dream cuts him off by licking a fat stripe from his balls to his hole, making the area glisten with shiny saliva. Cherry filled *need* eats away at his initial distaste entirely as Dream teases around his rim, the tip of his tongue making gentle circles in tense flesh. He finds himself wanting to beg, *anything* to make him go *faster*, but he forces himself not to. *Please, hurry.*

Suddenly, everything’s too hot. Dream teases him further by pressing his thumbs into George’s thighs and blowing on his pleading hole, switching temperatures quickly. George can’t help himself this time, whimpering as his arms shake with struggle to hold himself up. He’s becoming increasingly hard, and *fuck*, maybe he *does* want Dream to prove him wrong. *Make me moan like you said you could.*

Dream ignores his hole all together then, reaching up to hold his hips and slide his hands against

sensitive skin, riding his shirt up along with his forearms. George wants it off. *Off, off*, “Off.”

He doesn't mean to say it out loud, but Dream does as best as he can from his position by throwing the fabric towards his shoulders. George sits up then, practically ripping his shirt from his body and letting his back fall down into an arch, displaying his unused hole for Dream.

“Impatient, are we?”

George can't take it any longer, desperation seeping into his veins and painting his skin in lush red need. “Please just fuck me with your tongue, Dream.” He settles his arms into a plank position, flaring himself in front of Dream even more. “Prove me wrong, god, *please* .”

Dream can't contain his own moan at that, reaching his unoccupied hands up to grab at George's ass and spread it apart to make room for his face. He leans in then, lolling out his tongue to press flat over his hole, letting it drag upwards and catch slightly on his rim. George whimpers pathetically, leaning backwards only slightly, excited even when he was once reluctant.

Dream finally prods his tongue at his hole, poking slightly and finally letting George indulge in some sort of pleasure. George gasps as he continues, making a heavy show of using his tongue deliberately and somewhat annoyingly. It's fucking *lewd* when enough spit gathers to drip down him, trailing an obscene reminder down his sensitive skin.

George shakes where he holds himself up, and it doesn't take him too long to fall completely to Dream's mercy— otherwise known as the flick of his devilish tongue. It slides all the way in then, prodding at his walls and twisting where it lays. George writhes and moans loudly, unable to quiet himself even if he tried for the sake of the stupid point he was trying to make. Nothing has ever felt this *good* , and it seems like Dream knows what he's doing.

The knowledge doesn't help as Dream pushes his tongue in even further, face practically infused with George's spread ass. Dream doesn't let up, however, and everything connected with Dream's hot breath, Dream's magic tongue, with Dream's hands kneading his ass, it's all so much, almost *too* much. But George sticks it through; he is not about to cum that easily from something that he swore wasn't enough to make him *moan* .

But now, he's a moaning *mess*. Dream's got him reduced to practically nothing except a noise machine, each twirl of the wet muscle a different desperate whine to be sung. He's shaking, practically crying with ruby satisfaction, his head hung low as he takes what he's given and is made a complete mess of.

Dream pulls out for a second, catching his breath as George whines pathetically for the loss.

“So fucking desperate, huh?” Dream taunts, continuing to massage his ass. George whines and nods like a stupid, lust-blinded idiot who *somehow* thought it would be a good idea to have his best friend prove him wrong.

“*Yes , god*,” George whispers. His hips unintentionally move backward, and Dream tsks.

He kisses the plump of his asscheeks and says, “C’mon baby, have some patience.” George flushes scarlet with embarrassment, willing his hips to move forward just the slightest, enough to please Dream with his control. “Good boy.” And if the praise doesn’t make him shake even more, the finger dragging down his perineum and spreading the leftover saliva over his skin does. Tears collect along his bottom eyelid, his vision becoming blurred. Suddenly, all he wants to do is cum on Dream’s brutal tongue, though he can’t when Dream’s teasing his hole and doing anything but giving it to him straight.

“Make me cum, Dream,” George whines and *that* gets Dream going. Dream groans at the desperation that leaks from his voice and licks flat over his hole before diving back in.

Dream twists and turns his tongue in tight heat, and George falls right back into bliss. Dream’s tongue works wonders inside of him, something that feels so sinfully wrong but too incredible to resist. Sometimes, he pulls out for a second to lick somewhere else, to stimulate some other section of skin, and *god* , George is glad he agreed to this.

This time, Dream has dangerous intentions for his next act. “I’m gonna spell something with my tongue, and I want you to repeat it back to me after I’m finished spelling, okay baby?”

“Can’t... can’t feel letters,” George whimpers, knowing he’d only embarrass himself if he merely tries.

“Don’t worry, I’ll tell you what it is, okay?” Dream rubs him gently. “You’re good?”

George nods timidly, wanting to sink into the couch cushions.

“Words, please, baby,” and his voice is so soft that George whimpers.

“Yes, please, *Dream*,” George whines out shyly, backing up for Dream a little. Dream spreads him apart again and teases his hole with his finger for a second, making George shudder.

“Do you want me to spell it in or out?”

George thinks for a moment, despite his mind being so foggy. If he really did think about it, the same motions were beginning to get a little old, so George gathers enough courage to say, “Out.”

“Maybe you’ll even guess what it is, then,” Dream says with a smirk that’s visible enough to hear in his words. George shrinks when Dream breathes more air that drifts over his fluttering hole, always sensitive and waiting.

George is almost painfully hard now, and with Dream starting to draw letters onto his taint with gentle ease, he feels himself float closer and closer to the edge. There’s a straight line, then what feels like a small ‘v,’ and then another line. George shakes.

That’s the first letter, George can tell. He prides himself on being able to depict it even in such a hazy mindset.

“M,” George breathes out before Dream can start the next letter, wanting Dream to know how good he’s being.

“Perfect,” Dream praises, letting him know he’s correct before starting the next one.

It’s just a straight line, and for some reason, it makes George writhe.

“I,” George continues, backing up into Dream even further.

“Good boy,” Dream congratulates, and again, George can hear his smile through his words.

George pays as much attention as he can as his tongue starts up for a third time. A vertical line starting from the bottom, a diagonal line, and another straight line all caress his skin.

“N,” George tries softly.

“Correct, baby.” Dream licks the surface for no real reason, just hunger. “Last letter. Are you close?”

“So... much.” George can barely even speak anymore.

Dream chuckles lowly and starts for a final time.

A long, vertical line, and three horizontal ones. This one almost gets George.

“E...?” he breathes out, afraid of being wrong. *Please don’t be wrong, please don’t be wrong—*

“Mhm,” Dream hums low, full of satisfaction. “And what’s that spell baby?”

“M-mine,” George gasps out, breathless at the mere mention of being Dream’s. “I’m yours, Dream *please*, touch me please.”

“That’s right, you’re *mine*, yeah?”

“Yes, yeah, please just *touch me*,” George cries out. Dream gently pushes George off of him, letting him lay on his stomach for a quick second before sitting up and turning him over to lay on his back. Dream crawls to hover over him before reaching down to wrap a firm hand around him, spreading precum around to slick up his shaft.

Dream begins a steady up and down motion, and both of them can tell he’s not going to last long. Dream moves his lips upwards to press open-mouthed kisses to George’s untouched neck, not leaving deep marks but leaving enough pleasure for George to whine loudly.

It doesn’t take long for Dream to want to chase his own pleasure, too, so he takes both of their cocks together and rubs them off at the same time, with one hand.

“*Fuck*,” George moans, the new stimulation funneling right to his dick—literally. Dream smirks against his neck and the feeling of wet lips against his singing skin is enough to make George whine again.

“C’mon, baby, I know you’re close,” Dream persuades in a low voice that George is insanely weak to. Dream groans out, “Cum for me, doll.”

George’s eyes flutter as he finally lets go, Dream’s loving voice floating through his ears like music along with his groans. He cumms all over Dream’s hand and his stomach as he sees stars, and Dream just smears his release onto his cock and gets off at that on its own. It’s lewd and it’s beautiful, and the sight of George beneath him is enough to make Dream let go. George thinks—he’s a little too far gone to tell—that Dream cumms soon after he does, and they come down from their highs together in quiet harmony.

“Holy fuck,” George breathes in ecstasy as Dream floats over to lay down next to him. Dream curls his body against George’s and tucks his face into his neck domestically, nuzzling against soft skin.

“Are you conscious enough to answer something for me?”

George grumbles, “Yeah, probably.”

Dream hesitates, biting his lip; George can feel the timid movement on his skin. “Um... would you be... do you... c-can you actually be mine? Maybe?”

George laughs gently. “Yeah, of course.”

Dream breathes out in relief. “Phew. Okay. Awesome.”

“I always have been, I think.”

Dream smiles, eyes fluttering shut against George’s neck, his eyelashes tickling his skin a little. “Yeah? Even before I spelt it out on your ass?”

George groans. “Yes, ugh.”

“So I did prove you wrong then, you know. You were pretty damn loud— dare I say *louder* than the girl in the video.”

George scoffs. “I’m tired, stop talking to me.”

Dream laughs and presses a single, lightweight kiss to his neck, one that really means something more than results of a bet or a challenge. “Let’s get cleaned up, and then we can sleep, yeah?”

“Okay. But I’m not getting up, so...”

Dream scoffs a small chuckle and moves to get up to gather supplies to clean the both of them. “Okay, baby.” He crawls off of the bed and makes his way to the nearby bathroom; George closes his eyes and almost drifts off. *Almost.*

“I get to tweet something from your account!” George shouts so that Dream can hear him from where he is in the bathroom.

An annoyed groan is heard from the distance, and George giggles to himself, suddenly awake enough to open his phone and sign into Dream’s twitter account. Dream already gave him his password; it was a reinforcement to make sure the bet couldn’t be taken back afterwards.

dream @dreamwastaken

just ate some ass, feeling good

|

|

dilly ! @oopsie__daisy

dream???????

moon

@moonsooms

how did we get here

logan @*maskacoustic*

garfield are you /srs or /j

Grace @_GraceWrites_

Hey dream that's kinda

lance @*lancelotexe*

HELLO?????

HICCUP @*stardustlips*

WHY R U QUEER

Show more replies

George cackles to himself as he watches panicked replies fly in, stans losing their minds at a simple tweet— that, in reality, was framed. George smiles to himself as he shuts off his phone and hears another one start buzzing nearby, their friends probably beginning to find the tweet.

“George!” Dream exclaims. “What did you do?”

George just falls into a laughing fit, and everything else falls from his worries. His eyes find Dream’s hoodie from yesterday before he finds his own shirt, and he takes it as a sign to pull it over his head and drown in Dream’s scent. It’s lovely and it’s domestic, even if George just publicly embarrassed Dream on twitter. He smiles to himself and makes his way to the bathroom, taking his phone and underwear with him.

It’s silent for a little while as George gets himself cleaned up. He pulls his underwear back on and realizes Dream is still unaware of what he tweeted. So, breaking the gentle, domestic silence that surrounds the bathroom, George says:

“I told them you ate ass by the way.”

“ *You what!?* ”

End Notes

bomp

hope it was worth the wait ! :D

kwt week soon and i also have a pwt oneshot YAY! i'm excited!!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!